

Bruises Fade, But Scars Last Forever

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Bruises Fade, But Scars Last Forever

by [IWillBeYourPet](#)

Summary

****All WIPs on temp hiatus****

Matthew Brown is fully taken with the dangerous omega. Graham has ignored him, ignored everyone, but finally something works in his favor.

When Will goes into heat and Chilton leaves him to suffer Matt wants to help and is really hoping to do so without him hating him after because Will sure as hell as had been adamant that he did not want to be mounted. Happy to do anything he can to calm the man, to get him to trust him. For now.

Will is already bonded, a healed bite mark on his neck, but if he cared why wouldn't he claim his right to have his bond mate come help him then? Who was his mate? And what stops him from killing them and taking Will for himself?

Gideon would just like everyone to shut up so he can get some sleep. It seems the kid's alpha should be there to help him but that's none of his business. Also, he has a good idea who Will's alpha is and the kid might be better off going it alone.

Hannibal is Hannibal. Asshole extraordinaire.

Chilton is oblivious to literally everything around him because he's an idiot.

Set when Will is locked up. Hannigram. Will doesn't ask anyone to kill for him, he will do it his dang self.

It Takes a Village

“I could help you, Graham, if you would just answer my questions.” There was more whimpering from the cell, and Chilton watched, no sympathy on his face. “You could have stopped this from happening, but patients that are difficult don’t get any special allowances.”

From his own cell Gideon couldn’t help muttering, “He can’t exactly help that he went into heat, could he?” Chilton ignored him, but he felt better for saying something. Listening to the omega next to him in distress, frantic with his heat, was miserable. Giving Will nothing to help him through it was cruel even for Chilton.

Despite his whines and vulnerable state Gideon heard Will just barely hiss out a ‘fuck you’ to Chilton. He couldn’t stop a fond grin at the omega’s ferocity.

“Maybe we will talk again tomorrow and see if you’re more... open then.” The innuendo dripped from the words, his tone smug.

Chilton gave Gideon an indifferent glance before heading out of the room, leaving him listening to Will’s whines. He moved to the front of his cell. “Will?”

A small sound indicated Will had moved closer, though he didn’t say anything. There wasn’t much Gideon could do from the other side of the wall, and it wasn’t like he really cared that much what happened to the other man, but his scent and whimpers were driving him up the wall. He could at least talk to him and try to calm him. His voice was lowered, an alpha grumble, “You’re okay. Just be happy Chilton is a beta.”

Hearing an alpha voice calmed the omega a touch, enough for him to bring the whimpers down to a snuffle, his voice whispering out forlorn. “I n-need alpha.”

Gideon sighed, trying to remember how to purr. He couldn’t get it to work, his head too fucked over by Chilton to remember things like that so he just growled instead. Had to be better than nothing. “Try to rest Will, it will only last a couple days.” Nearly impossible for him not to give into the alpha urge to comfort that distress.

There were restless sounds from the other cell, he couldn’t see but he could hear the wet sound, could guess that Will had fingers in himself trying to ease the ache, but it wouldn’t be nearly enough. Chilton hadn’t even allowed him any toys and he shook his head. He glanced down at his own cock, hard under his pants, and thunked his head back against the wall. It was going to be a long few days.

“Mister Graham.”

He lifted his head from where he was huddled, he hadn't been sleeping, too miserable to do that but he had been doing his best to stay quiet and still, curled up in the corner, desperately pressing against his own fingers. Gideon had talked to him until he fell asleep, and he had been grateful for anything to help, and tried to repay the favor by being quiet so the Alpha could sleep. One of the orderlies was crouched down by the front of his cell, and he wanted to ignore him but the scent of alpha made him mewl, uncurling as he crawled towards the bars.

The floor was cold under him, and abruptly he remembered that he was naked, but couldn't bring himself to care. He made it to the bars and the orderly, Matthew he was pretty sure, reached a hand through. He mewled again, rubbing his face against the man's hand, grabbing onto his arm to press his nose against his pulse point, the sharp scent of alpha filling his nose.

It made more slick slide down his thighs, and he muttered a 'please, alpha' against his skin. Matthew let him scent as long as he wanted and when he pulled back he stroked through his hair. "It's okay, I brought you something to help." He tried to pull his hand back but when Will whimpered he awkwardly shifted so he could reach into his pocket with his other hand. "I've been watching you for awhile Will, you are incredible. This isn't exactly how I planned our first chat." He pulled the toy out of his pocket and slid it through the bars, setting it on the ground next to Will when he didn't let go of his arm.

Teeth pressed into his wrist for a moment, just hard enough to feel them, and then Will was licking over the pulse point. Matthew's grin widened, using the time while the man was so distracted and vulnerable to look him over. He was beautiful. His skin was flushed with heat, cock hard and leaking, slick coating his thighs. He was fascinated by an Omega who was a killer, could see the animal in the man's eyes. Could imagine hunting with Will at his side, watching him make a kill and then fucking him in the blood.

He forcibly focused again, he could watch him all night but their time was limited. He made a soft tsking sound and pulled his hand back, trying to get Will's attention. "Use the toy, Will, it knots. It will help."

A laugh from the cell next to Will's caught his attention, and he could see Gideon watching him. "A knotting dildo is nice and all, but you could just knot him yourself, that would get him to shut the fuck up for awhile."

He ignored him and tried to pitch his voice to soothe, "Come on Will, use the toy." Will was still trying to rub against his arm though, ignoring the toy, and he tried not to get frustrated. "Will." He didn't know why he wouldn't use it, and he slipped his hand back through the bars to touch his curls, burying his fingers in them and using them to hold Will still and tilt his head up.

"He's not gonna use a toy with an alpha there. Just fuck him." There was a considering pause and Gideon leaned forward a little more, "Or let me in there if you aren't interested, I can knot him for ya."

Matthew was on his feet, growl vibrating from his chest. Gideon didn't back up, only raised an eyebrow at him. "I'm joking, obviously."

He growled for a moment longer before he crouched back down by Will, he slid his hand down the side of his face to his neck, rubbing fingers over his scent gland, slowly tracing the healed bite mark there. Will wailed when he stood up but he took a step away, watching him. He shook his head, "He doesn't want anyone to mate him, he begged Chilton for suppressants. He would be upset after his heat, I won't do that to him. Besides, he's bonded."

Gideon leaned his forehead against the bars, "Doesn't mean he doesn't want any alpha knot he can get right now."

"Why won't he just tell Chilton who his mate is. He'd have to contact him and let them have a visit by law."

"Self preservation." A dark chuckle came from Gideon's cell as he turned his back to the bars and slid down them. "Honestly, this is probably the better of the two options for him."

That caught his attention, "You know who his mate is?"

Instead of answering Gideon lowered his voice to a growl, putting all his alpha force into it, "Will. Show the alpha how much you can take, pick up that toy, be a good omega."

"Don't talk to him like that." Matthew watched Will hesitate but then glance towards the other cell and then back to Matthew before he whimpered and reached for the toy. He had never been around an omega in heat before, and he realized he was a little out of his element. He did get that he had to be more forceful though.

He sat outside the bars and forced his voice into a growl instead of the sweet coaxing. "Face me here. Present. Good boy."

There was a struggle on Will's face but he did as he was told, chest down near the ground as he spread his knees and raised his ass, a soft keening coming from him. Matt wanted to use the toy on Will himself, to feel the press of it in the other man, but it felt like a violation. Letting Will do it to himself didn't seem so bad.

He did reach through the bars to grab Will's hair, stroking his fingers through it, tugging on it to pull his head up and make him arch his back more. It made Will scramble to get a better grip on the toy, reaching behind himself and Matthew couldn't stop his own groan as Will shoved the toy in all the way up to the knot in one go, moaning and writhing. He could see Will's body clenching around it, hands shaking as he pulled it back out and slid it back in, picking up speed and Matt dropped a hand to palm himself over his pants.

He wanted Will for himself. He couldn't imagine the kind of alpha that had managed to claim Will, it had to be someone dangerous. But it didn't mean he couldn't kill them, and once Will's bondmate was dead he'd be free to pursue him. To take him.

Not yet though, he still needed to get Will to trust him. To like him. To believe him when he said he saw him. He didn't need to think about it now though, he didn't care about murder at all at the moment, he cared about watching that slick hole clench around a toy. Will was such an amazing omega, he deserved more than a cheap toy.

Will was whining, sounding more frantic, pressing his ass up higher. His voice shook, “H-help me, alpha. Pl-please.”

He was trying to knot himself on the toy, the angle he had to push was wrong, so shaky he couldn't get it to work and he turned his face into Matthew's hand again, licking at his wrist until he bit hard enough to leave a mark. The aggression went straight to Matt's dick as he watched Will bare his teeth in his desperation.

It was tempting to help, to press the toy in that last bit, but he didn't want Will to hate him. The omega was stubborn, and prideful, just seeing him lose control in heat was probably going to be enough to make him standoffish with him once he came down. He tried to growl again but he knew his voice was softer, “That's not right, Will. You can do it. For me, okay?”

“Just help him, he won't be mad. The more you touch him the longer he'll be calm after. I can't imagine Chilton will let up, so give him what relief you can.” Gideon shifted, “Get him to fall asleep after and maybe I can get an actual night sleep too.”

“What do you care?”

“Will Graham has a way of getting to even the most... uh... stoic of killers. No alpha wants to see an omega in distress.” He tilted his head, “Well, almost none.”

Matthew didn't fish for more, he thought that meant Will's mate was another killer, but he'd have time to get more info later. He bet that Will would eventually tell him once he trusted him. After all, his mate had abandoned him, hadn't he?

“Okay.”

He reached through with his other hand and grabbed Will's thigh, tugging on it so he moved closer to the bars and then reached up to grab the base of the toy. Will's hands fell away with a pleased moan, shoving back as Matthew held it still, eyes focused on the ease it slid in the other man, like he was meant to be fucked. He wanted to pull the toy out and sink his fingers into that heat, feel his slick, and he swallowed hard as he held the toy in place.

Instinct told him to slide his other hand from Will's hair to the back of his neck, pinning him down, and it was a little awkward through the bars but he managed.

He let the toy slide in and out a few more times until he pressed it down until the knot bumped up against his hole, pushing down hard.

A plaintive little whine made it out of Will's throat, and Matthew was certain the knot wouldn't fit, but he only pulled the toy back and then pushed again, tightening his grip on Will's neck to keep him still as he didn't relent.

He growled without meaning to, “Take that knot.” He leaned in closer, “Beg for that knot.” His own awe, his own arousal, taking control of what he was saying.

There was a laugh from Gideon's cell but he barely noticed. The words made Will whimper, pressing his ass back as he pushed on the toy.

"Pl-please, I need it."

The sound Will made was pained as Matthew continued to push, but his body was meant to take a knot and he opened around it, whimpers and cries nearing frantic as the knot finally slipped inside, his body clenching closed around it and between his legs Will's cock jerked, cumming across the floor. Matthew rocked the toy, letting it tug against him, before pressing it in as far as it could go.

He let go of it to stroke a hand up Will's back, letting go of his neck. Will nuzzled into his hand, panting against his skin. He pressed on his back until Will slid to the floor, settling on his stomach, skin covered with his own cum and slick. He was as calmed as he could be for the moment. A toy was no comparison to the real thing, but an alpha was stroking his hair and he was filled up, stretched wide by a knot.

Matthew watched him silently, not sure how long he should let him stay knotted, though he could only go by how long his own knot would last. When he felt like it was long enough he gently grasped the bottom of the toy, fiddling with it for a moment before he figured out how to get the knot to deflate. There was a whimper of loss from Will but it was quiet, and he gently eased the toy out and couldn't help imagining what it would look like for real, how Will would look with his cum sliding out of him to join the slick that coated his thighs. He wished he could leave the toy with Will to help him, but Chilton would know immediately and demand to know where he got it. So he shoved it back in his pocket, his cock twitching at having something that smelled of Will's slick.

Will had been mostly dazed but he whined again, fingers grabbing onto Matthew's arm but he seemed unfocused. He leaned down, "Think you can get some sleep Will?"

"Give him your shirt."

"What?"

He looked up and Gideon was holding a tshirt out to him. "You have a tshirt on under that? Give him that and mine. Let him nest with them, Alpha scent will keep him calmer."

"We aren't his alpha."

"Well, if I see his alpha I'll be sure to ask him if he can spare a shirt." He rolled his eyes, "Just give him the shirts, don't make it fucking weird."

Frowning, feeling a bit like he was being messed with he pulled off his work shirt and stripped off the tshirt underneath. With more hesitation he took the shirt from Gideon, he didn't like the idea of Will curled up with the other man's scent, would prefer it to be just his, but if it would help him then he'd deal with it.

Making his way back to Will he held them through the bars and pointed at the bed. "Can you try to get some sleep for me, Will?"

Will held the shirts close, and nodded, though he seemed reluctant to leave Matthew's touch. He finally pulled away his hand to make it easier. Will whimpered but headed towards his bed, pulling the blankets up around him, staying curled in against the Alpha scent of the shirts.

"Purr for him, I tried, but I can't anymore. If you can, it will put him out now that he's been knotted."

Matt rubbed the back of his neck and muttered, "I don't like purring." Will was watching him though and he shoved down his own self consciousness and closed his eyes, concentrating on purring.

It was the only sound for long minutes and when he finally opened his eyes Will was asleep, tension eased from his face and his breathing steady.

Gideon let out a sigh from his cell, "Good job kid, regular omega wrangler you are."

Matthew stood up and moved to see the other man better, "Who is his mate?"

He gave a non committal shrug and headed to his own bed. With Will asleep he was going to try to do the same. Over his shoudler he called, "Come back and put him to sleep tomorrow too and maybe I'll give ya a hint."

Disgruntled he barely stopped himself from kicking at the cell, he didn't want to wake Will up. He had already spent too much time there and had to get to his rounds before it seemed suspicious. He watched Will for a few more seconds and a grin tilted up the corners of his mouth. Yeah, he'd be back the next night and as many as Will needed him. He'd do anything for Will.

Oh, what they would do together once they were a mated pair.

This Really Escalated

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Voices made it to the cells before anyone was visible. Gideon looked up from his book and tilted his head slightly, glancing at the wall between his and Graham's cell. The omega had been quiet most of the morning, whimpers and moans, but not much else. He kept his voice low enough the man would hear, but no chance it would travel further to those approaching. "Not sure the state you're in over there Graham, but you got visitors coming." He swallowed hard and vaguely wondered if Graham was still curled up with his shirt. "Sounds like Lecter - thought you might wanna know."

The small restless sounds from the cell next to him stopped. Well, at least he wasn't that far out of it. Gideon leaned back and waited for the show, it was oh so boring locked up.

"-not available today. Dr. Lecter, please-"

"Your patient is in heat, Dr. Chilton. I'm aware. Perhaps you forget that an Alpha can scent a heat."

Chilton stumbled, face flushing at being reminded he was a beta and tried to move in front of Lecter again. "Obviously he is unable to meet with you today."

They stopped a few dozen feet away from the cells as Hannibal looked down at Chilton, staring at him with that disapproving look until Chilton felt like he had done something wrong. "It is curious, why haven't you moved him to the medical wing for his heat? Surely it isn't procedure to keep him in a normal cell."

"Will Graham is dangerous, it would be too great of a risk."

Hannibal hummed, disbelief in the sound, and moved around Chilton to head towards the cell. He stopped in front of it, silently watching. Will was still naked, too warm and sensitive with heat to stand the clothes touching him, wrapped up in blankets on his bed. Skin flushed, curls sweaty and plastered against his forehead, and a quick scan of the room and he didn't see anything that should be present to help him through his heat. Will smelled like he had been sated somewhat though, and he narrowed his eyes as he brought his attention back to Chilton, "It doesn't appear that you are following *any* of the precautions set in place to protect Omegas."

Chilton's shoulders tensed, eyeing Will's cell as well, before he straightened and his lips pressed together. "This is my facility. I do what I feel is best for each patient. Mister Graham has been very difficult, and I won't reward that."

Hannibal's attention was already back in the cell, barely paying attention. Will's eyes were on him now and Hannibal couldn't keep his lips from curling up. He held his eyes but

directed his words at Chilton, unable to keep the amusement out of his tone. “Have you contacted his alpha? That is the law as I’m sure you are aware.”

“He doesn’t have his alpha registered.” Chilton eyed him, Will was staring at Hannibal, moving closer to the front of the cell, clearly scenting an alpha nearby. His mouth twisted as he raised his voice, “You won’t tell me who, Graham. Will you? Even though it would mean that you’d have them here to help you through your heat?”

Will glanced at Chilton, lip lifting in a snarl before he turned his attention back to Hannibal, unable to keep the snarl on his face as he whined and scrambled back into his nest of blankets. Hannibal’s voice was curious, just the right amount of concern, “He is mated, I can see the bite. I wonder why he wouldn’t want to say who his alpha is?”

Gideon couldn’t help the sound he made, somewhere between a scoff and a snort, but when he looked up and found Hannibal’s eyes on him he looked back down to his book. Oh, how badly he didn’t want to get into the middle of whatever was going on there.

“Regardless, I’d still like to have my normal session with him. Preferably in a closed room so his heat doesn’t rile other inmates.”

“You have got to be joking?”

“Do I sound like I’m joking Dr. Chilton?”

“He’s in heat, what do you expect to get from him?”

“What do you? I imagine that is why you haven’t moved him to medical, you are hoping to use his... vulnerable state to get information from him, yes?”

Chilton looked furious, frustrated, but he finally forced a calm look on his face. “Of course, I will go and make sure a room is ready.”

“Thank you.”

Hannibal watched Chilton until he was out of view and then stepped closer to the cell until he was almost touching the bars. “Hello Will, why don’t you come here.”

Will let out a desperate sob as he pressed himself as far back as he could against the wall, refusing to come any closer. Hannibal’s voice lowered, a soothing rumble to it, “You don’t look well, Will. Come here.”

The growl lowered into a command and with another small whine Will moved, hesitating for a moment before he pulled on the shirt he was curled up with, big enough on him that it gave him some semblance of decency. Will moved to the bars, and raised his chin, and this close Hannibal’s nose twitched, a growl rolling from his throat. He could smell another alpha on Will, near him, in his cell and his eyes focused on the shirt. More than one alpha. The smell wasn’t strong enough that he thought Will had been mated, but he was still enraged. Will was drowning in one scent and he didn’t recognize that one, but the other one he did.

He moved so he was in front of Gideon's cell, but before he could say anything Will's voice brought him back. "He just gave me his shirt, tried to calm me, like a *good* alpha." Gideon opened his mouth, not sure how to defend himself but was saved by Will continuing, "*He* isn't the alpha that touched me."

Gideon was forgotten as Hannibal moved back to look at Will, staring at him for long seconds before he spoke. "All the time you spent denying your alpha to have you in a heat, because it was *beneath* you, and now here you are, writhing naked on the floor for Chilton's cameras, crying about not being filled. Glad you saved yourself the indignity."

Will was losing the tenuous hold he had on his control and he had to give in on something and he chose to press against the bars, rubbing against them, indulging in as much of Hannibal's scent as he could. It made his stomach clench, slick sliding down his thighs and the sound that made it out of his mouth was plaintive, needy.

At the sound Hannibal's hand came up to reach through the bars, sliding them into Will's curls, but only for a moment before he stepped back. His voice lowered, barely a murmur that Chilton's microphones wouldn't be able to pick up, "I tried to get you suppresants, but Chilton was insistent. Are you okay?"

Will scoffed, or at least he tried to but it ended up sounding more like a whine. "Don't..." he panted, wincing, "touch."

"You let a strange Alpha touch you, what does this matter?"

"Hannibal." His name was practically moaned, and Will scowled when he wasn't able to stop the sound. He needed. He *needed*. And Matthew was a pale comparison to Hannibal.

Hannibal glanced at Chilton heading back their way and gave Will a small nod, "It's okay Will. I'm here."

Gideon doubted those two things had any right being said together and from the sound that Will made, he didn't think he was the only one.

Two beta guards moved Will to the small room, handcuffing him to the table, and left him alone with Hannibal.

The man waited until the guards were gone before he sat down, tilting his head at Will. "Do you want to tell me who touched you?"

His answer was a whine as Will glanced around the room. He followed the gaze and shook his head. "No recording devices in here, a deal I have with Chilton for our sessions. It is just you and me, Will."

Will's shoulders sagged, shifting uncomfortably, slick down his thighs making the pants he'd had to put on to move stick to him already. He managed a whimper, "Alpha."

“Do you need my help, Will? Or does it still offend your sensibilities to have me mount you while you are in heat?” The word choice was deliberate, just to watch rage in Will’s eyes, only to be drowned out by need before it could gain any traction.

Hannibal’s nose twitched and his pupils dilated. Will’s distress was nearly as strong as his heat, and even for him it was impossible to not be affected. He pushed to his feet to come around the table, digging fingers into Will’s curls to tilt his head up. “Who touched you?”

There were long moments where Will pressed into the hand, scenting Hannibal with his eyes closed until a painful tug forced his eyes open. He swallowed hard and tried to remember what Hannibal had said and shook his head. “T-toy.”

He let go of Will’s hair to grab him by the collar of his shirt and lift him out of the chair, pushing his chest down over the table, bending him over it. Will didn’t fight him, pressing down, lifting his ass. Too far gone into his heat to remember any reason he wouldn’t want to present for his alpha. “Please.”

A truly unhappy sound came from Hannibal as he pushed the chair back so he could lean over Will, his chest along his back, pressing his face against Will’s neck. “I hate that you are like this here, Will. Where I can’t keep you safe.” He held Will’s hips down so he couldn’t press back against him, it wouldn’t do to stain his pants with slick, that might be a little hard to explain.

“You put me here.” Will managed to growl the words out even though it took all his concentration and even as he said it he couldn’t help baring his neck, trying to press back against him.

Hannibal couldn’t resist the offering and nosed down Will’s throat until he reached the healed bite and fitted his teeth over it, pressing just enough for Will to feel teeth and the room was filled with his moan, a sharp spike in the scent of slick.

“Please.” Will yanked on his hands, snarling when the handcuffs kept him from being able to move and force Hannibal closer. He pressed up to his tip toes, trying to raise his ass higher, desperate for his Alpha to touch him.

“You smell divine, mylimasis. At the very least I can thank Chilton for keeping you from that terrible aftershave.” He pulled back, a predatory grin when Will tried to follow, caught up by the cuffs as he let out a frantic wail. He only let him struggle for a moment before he reached around his hips to grab the band of his pants, eyeing at the way the thin material was soaked through, and Will deserved better. He’d like to kill everyone that saw Will vulnerable like this. He pushed Will’s shirt up, aggravated when the cuffs wouldn’t let him remove it, and then tugged the pants down to Will’s thighs.

No matter how many times he saw the sight before him, it would always make his heart race, would heat his blood. He placed one hand on the table by Will’s head, letting him nuzzle against it, while he trailed his other hand down Will’s back and over his ass, sliding his fingers against his entrance. Will hadn’t lied, though there was another Alpha’s scent on his skin, they hadn’t touched him *here*. He gave him a fond look before he slid two fingers inside him, Will’s breath coming out in a pleased little huff.

Will's body went pliant, whines calming into soft whimpers, pressing back into his touch. He had always known that Will would be lovely in heat, had craved to see Will so out of control of himself. He'd had Will submissive under him, but never so fully lost to his instincts and he slid in a third finger when he started to whine again, hips trying to lift and push back.

"M-more."

"I'm afraid not, Will. Your wrath when you come out of heat would be immeasurable if I were to knot you, wouldn't it?"

"Please, Alpha."

"No." Though Hannibal saw the movement he did nothing to stop it as Will turned his head what he could and latched on to Hannibal's arm, digging teeth in until skin gave, showing his disapproval in that wild animal way that only made Hannibal press his fingers in harder, faster. Rewarding it.

He let go, lapping at the blood for a moment before he dropped his head back to the table, "*Hannibal*, please."

"If I don't, do you think you will let that other Alpha mount you? Will you be able to resist days into a heat with no help or relief or will you forget how to say no?" His Will was usually all teeth and claws to any alpha that got near him and thought they could control him, but in heat he seemed delightfully compliant.

It had been a tease, mostly, but he could see Will's fingers clench against the table and then into fists and his voice was quieter, lost. Frightened. "I don't know." Barely a pitiful whine, not his feisty creature, and Hannibal's body tensed in response. He wasn't angry at Will, wouldn't hold anything that happened during a heat against *him*, but he knew what it would do to Will. Hannibal knotting him he would be angry about, but he would get over. They were mates, it wouldn't be the first time, it was more the principle of it. Letting someone else use him though, Will would dwell and loathe himself. He couldn't let that happen.

"I'm here, Will." He reached for his own pants, moving the arm Will had bit to grab a handful of the back of his shirt, twisting his fingers in it and holding him down. He took a deep breath, watching him squirm. "I'd rather you be angry with me than yourself."

Honestly Hannibal wasn't sure if he found sex with Will under the accommodations distasteful, or if the thought of doing it under Chilton's nose was exciting. He trailed fingers down Will's skin, and would love to take the time to really enjoy his mate, but they didn't have that kind of time. With his own pants down enough to pull himself out he leaned over Will again, smiling at the desperate sound he made when he felt Hannibal naked against him.

He mouthed along his neck again, biting at his mark, and spoke against his throat. "Ask me, Will. Tell me you want this."

It was barely a facsimile of consent, but he would do as much as he could. "Alpha." Will turned his head, Hannibal was too close to see but he nuzzled against his jaw and muttered, "*My alpha, Hannibal, please.*"

“Always yours, Will.”

He wasted no more time. His cock rubbed against Will, before pressing against his entrance, sliding in with one firm push. Will was wet with slick, hotter than usual in heat, and Hannibal had to close his eyes for a moment. It had been too long since he'd had his omega.

He had been hard from the moment he had scented Will, had seen him looking so delicious, and as he picked up a quick rhythm he could already feel his knot swelling, already so close to cumming.

There was a constant rattling sound from Will yanking at the cuffs, and he let go of the back of his shirt to reach around and wrap his hand around him, stroking in time with his thrusts. With his other hand he yanked back on Will's hips, getting him to tilt them up more, frustrated that his hands cuffed like they were meant he couldn't pull the man closer to him.

His knot was swelling, could feel it start to snag as he thrust in and pulled out, could tell by the pitch of Will's whines that he could feel it too. A litany of pleases was coming from Will, definitely more compliant during heat Hannibal noted, and he moved so he could grip his hips with both hands as he approached his orgasm.

“So good, Will.” His omega keened at the praise and he watched himself slide in, yanking Will's hips back hard on to him, choking off a moan when his knot pressed inside, swelling up and then he was cumming. He pulled back on his hips just to have his knot tug at Will's rim, to make him pant and cry out, before rocking as deep as he could, grinding against him. It only took him wrapping a hand around Will's cock to make him cum, the noises he made indistinguishable from the whimpers that were already spilling out of his mouth.

He moved as close to the table as he could manage and pulled the chair with him, gently sitting down and settling Will on his lap, both of them moaning as it ground his knot in further with Will's weight. He wanted to be able to gather Will to him, hold him tight, but the cuffs made it impossible. Will leaned back what he could, head lulled onto Hannibal's shoulders with his arms stretched out in front of him.

With a growl he mouthed his mark on Will's neck, disgruntled that he couldn't bite down, he couldn't leave marks where they would be seen but just the sensation of his teeth was enough to make Will clench around him, dragging another spurt of cum from him.

He touched Will as much as he could, one hand petting back the curls, the other running over his stomach and his hips, delighting in the feel of him so relaxed against him.

Not that it lasted for long, being knotted had taken the edge momentarily off his heat and he could feel Will fidget, grunting when it caused the knot to pull painfully on him before he settled. His head dropped back to Hannibal's shoulder again with more force than it had the first time. Hannibal shifted his weight, intentionally causing his knot to shift until Will hissed out a breath, and he stayed there letting it press against his prostate to distract him.

“Stop that.”

Will sounded exhausted, and angry, but resigned to it. Hannibal hummed and responded by circling Will's cock, sliding his fingers up and down, making Will's whole body shiver with the over stimulation. It made Will try to move, but the knot again held him in place, and without having his hands he couldn't do much, finally settling back down with a huff.

Hannibal kept his hand moving, he didn't want to waste the time he had with Will, considering how little of it he actually got. He'd make him cum again, make sure he remembered this well through the rest of his heat. Will was tense but finally relaxed into the touches, turning his head to press against Hannibal's throat, for the moment not fighting.

He had to push his advantage, unable to help himself. His voice was a low soothing grumble, "If you would just admit that I'm your Alpha we could do this every month, Will. I could come and breed you proper, spend days with you."

A huff that might have been a chuckle and Will's words were muffled against his skin, "A little late to be a good alpha now, isn't it?"

The words stung, but he knew that someday Will would see what he was doing. Would understand. He sped up his hand, his other arm around Will's hips to pull him down against his knot. "I will make sure you get suppressants before your next heat, mylimasis, I promise."

"Thank you." There was no heat in the words, no sarcasm. Will trusted him to follow through on it. Will tugged on the cuffs again and wiggled his hips and muttered, "It's too much."

"No my love, trust me to know what you need."

It was true, Will was hard again, twitching and over sensitive but responded to Hannibal's touch, just as he always had. His thighs tried to come together when Hannibal slid a thumb over the head of his dick, swiping at the wet tip, the motion making him clench around the knot still in him and he moaned, lost to it. He closed his eyes, sure that he should be angrier but overwhelmingly he was in heat and his alpha had satisfied him and he wanted to savor it, wanted to bask in it. He'd be angry later.

Will was close already, such putty in the man's hands. Hannibal pressed a kiss to the side of his jaw, and in direct contrast to the gentleness snarled, "You are *mine*. When I find the alpha that touched you, I'm going to rip them apart piece by piece until there is nothing left."

The possessiveness in the words, the jealousy, oh god the *jealousy* was all it took and Will was cumming again, mewling pathetically, desperately wishing he could curl into Hannibal, could settle around his mate somewhere warm and safe, could nest.

Instead he was still in Baltimore State Hospital for the criminally insane, was in scratchy prison clothes, handcuffed while his mate was with him, and afterwards he would go back to his cold lonely cell. He'd spend however long was left of his heat with no alpha, with no privacy, and he tried to fight back the tears. He blamed being over emotional on his heat. He blamed everything else on Hannibal.

Hannibal's knot was starting to deflate and he desperately clenched around it, not ready for him to leave yet. Like he knew it Hannibal's arms wrapped around his middle, holding him as close as he could given the circumstances.

They didn't talk when Hannibal slid out of him, he only helped Will to his feet. He did spread the cum that leaked down Will's thighs across the man's ass and legs, spreading his scent, covering him with it as a warning to any other Alpha. This was *his* omega, he was claimed. And he would kill to protect him.

He pulled up Will's pants and got him settled, and then fixed himself up. He did take off his dress shirt to get to his undershirt. He pulled it off and set it on the table as he redressed. He wanted to put it on Will, cover him even more with his scent but the cuffs didn't allow that so instead he tucked it into the band of Will's pants, letting the shirt he wore hang over it.

They stared at each other for long minutes before he reached out to cup the side of Will's face. "It doesn't have to be this way. I told you that I wouldn't force you to register--"

Will yanked his head away and dropped it to his chest, shoulders hunched. "Just go, Hannibal." The calm in his heat was a tease, he knew in a few hours he'd be desperate again and there would be no Hannibal there. "Get me the fucking suppressants next time."

He could feel his eyes on him, could see Hannibal nod. He expected another threat, about whoever the other alpha might be, or more words of devotion, and he wouldn't admit that it hurt when Hannibal simply left without another word.

Will sighed and looked around the room, wrinkling his nose, you didn't have to be an alpha to smell sex hanging heavy in the air, but Chilton would probably believe it was just because he was slicking. He was covered in Hannibal's scent, there wasn't a part of him the man hadn't touched and for now he didn't let himself feel bad about how content that made him.

The guards came to get him and had to half drag him. He was exhausted and satisfied and he wanted to curl up with Hannibal's shirt and sleep. He expected to see Chilton, he usually pestered him after Hannibal had been there, but there was no sign of him. They passed Gideon's cell and Will got a glimpse of the man's nose twitching, his eyebrows going up and then he was back in his own cell.

He shoved Gideon and Matthews shirts in the far corner and curled up on the cot with Hannibal's, wrapping the blanket around him and was almost instantly asleep, no purring or talking required.

Chapter End Notes

Oh boy, wanna guess who isn't gonna be happy when they come into work and go to visit their favorite omega and find them absolutely reeking of another alpha?

Just Rude

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Hannibal stepped out of the room and came face to face with Chilton, the man's eyes trying to get a glimpse in through the door before it shut. Hannibal dropped a hand to his shoulder, pushing him away from the room none too gently even though it was under the pretense of friendship.

Chilton resisted, clearly he was waiting to interrogate Will, but what Will needed was to go back to his cell and rest and be allowed to deal with his heat without some *beta* threatening him. He dug his fingers in just a touch tighter as they moved away. "Dr. Chilton, if I could have a word with you I'd appreciate that."

His lips thinned and he was clearly unhappy about losing time with Will, but the wording appealed to him and finally he gave, allowing Hannibal to direct them towards his office. They were several feet from the room when Chilton suddenly looked at him, eyes wide.

He was surprised it had taken that long, even with beta senses Hannibal was sure he reeked of sex, of slick, of *Will*. Chilton's mouth opened and then closed, and he glanced back towards the room and looked confused. Like he was trying to put together the idea of Dr. Lecter, and the smell of sex, and he finally licked his lips, "Did you..."

"Did I what?"

He could see it on Chilton's face. He wanted to know if Hannibal had touched Will, if they had sex, perhaps he thought Hannibal had given in to his alpha instincts and fucked a helpless omega in heat. What he didn't see on the man's face, of course, was the possibility that Hannibal was Will's alpha. The man was a moron.

Chilton vaguely motioned at the room and Hannibal gave him his best cold look, "Are you accusing me of violating ethical practices, Doctor?"

"What? No." He back pedaled quickly, and darted his eyes away, "No, of course not." He shrugged it off with just one more small unsure look and then started moving again. "Of course not. You wanted to talk?"

Pleased to have thoroughly distracted him they headed into his office and Hannibal pulled the door closed, "Yes, about omega rights." Chilton paled and Hannibal settled in to chastise him, certain that Will would have suppressants before the next time he went into heat.

Unless, of course, he could convince Will to admit he was his alpha.

Matthew was excited to get into work, nearly shaking with it as he shoved the toy in his pocket after he changed into his work clothes. He couldn't wait to touch Will again, to have all that attention on him, to listen to the way he mewled and begged.

He palmed himself over his pants and thought about it. Maybe he would touch a little more, not enough to upset the man when he came down, just enough to help him feel good, and maybe himself a little too.

When Will came out of it though he wanted him to like him, to depend on him, so he couldn't do what he really wanted and simply pin the omega down and fuck him till he screamed, even though in heat they both would enjoy it.

He could scent him when he got close and forced himself to do all his rounds first, get all his work checked before he headed to Chilton's office to take care of the camera and mic. Once he was sure they would have privacy he headed towards Will's cell.

He expected him to be on the bed, making noise and whining, suffering like he had been the night before but when he got there all he could see was the general shape of him under a pile of blankets, more than had been there the night before.

"Mister Graham?"

There was no answer, not even a rustle. He tilted his head with a frown and could only hear deep easy breathing and it took a moment to make it through that he was *sleeping*.

"Will?" A little louder, a little more insistent.

"He's asleep." He startled at the voice from the cell next to them, and he didn't want to give Gideon any attention but he moved so he could see him.

"What?"

"He's sleeping. Like I'd like to be."

Matthew scented the air, "He's still in heat, he should be..." He trailed off as the other scent caught his nose. An alpha he didn't know, and not just an alpha, he could smell alpha *cum* and a growl trickled out of his mouth as he moved back to look at Will's cell. Who had touched him?

"Leave him be, will ya? He's asleep, he's content. Just fuck off."

Gideon had moved up to the cell, his teeth bared just enough to show he meant the words, but Matthew only snarled back at him before going through the keys on his belt. "Someone fucked him."

"Leave him-"

Matthew turned the growl on him again, “I can make things real uncomfortable for you, so why don’t you just sit down and mind your own fucking business.”

Gideon shrugged and moved back into his cell, wincing. He felt bad, he didn't *care* about Will Graham, but extended time spent in proximity to the omega, especially through a heat, and it was impossible not to feel at least a little protective. He did add, “You’re going to want to worry about his alpha though.”

Matthew didn’t respond, finally getting the cell door open. He glanced around to make sure there was no one that could see him and stepped inside, pulling the gate closed and locking it behind him. He wasn’t stupid, he knew Graham was dangerous, and while he was relatively certain this wasn’t a trap he wouldn’t be responsible for an escape.

He approached the cot, nose twitching with the scent that *covered* Will. When he got there he wasn’t sure what he had planned to do but that Will allowed himself to be touched by another like that, that he wasn’t at the gate *begging* for Matthew to touch him, enraged him. And after he had been so careful not to violate the omega. With another growl he grabbed the blankets and yanked them off.

Will startled awake, whining at the loss of his warm nest, and tried to understand what was happening. Alpha scent hit his nose, but it wasn’t *his* alpha, and even in heat he recoiled. Hannibal’s scent surrounded him, could still imagine the satisfying stretch from his knot. He was in his shirt, still covered in his cum, and it was enough that he wasn’t interested in another alpha, enough that he could control himself. So he cowered back, whimpering as he wrapped his arms around himself, burying his face against his shoulder to hide in Hannibal’s scent.

It didn’t stop Matthew from grabbing him by the curls with both hands, dragging his head up hard enough to make him cry out and pulling him to a kneel, “You fucking whore. If you wanted an alpha to fuck you why didn’t you say so.”

“I don’t, please, don’t-”

Fear soured the scent of heat and Matthew made an effort to loosen his grip, trying to reel in his anger. He forced Will’s head up higher so he could see his eyes, “Don’t be scared. I’m here. I had a toy but if you want the real thing, I can do that too.” Will tried to shake his head but the grip was too tight. “You reek though. I think we should take care of that.”

It was too big of a risk to try to bring him to the showers but he wanted the scent off of him. Wanted Will to just smell like *Will* and he pulled him until he was standing. He pulled the shirt over his head, grumbling at the scent of it as he tossed it on the floor. Will was naked under it and he wanted to run hands over him, but stopped when he could see the cum flaking on his stomach, on his thighs.

Part of him wanted to drag the man to the showers naked, to punish him for daring to wear something from another alpha but he forced Will into the prison jumpsuit and then handcuffed his hands behind his back. Once he had him he restrained he cupped his face again, pulling fingers through the curls, rubbing at the scent gland on his neck.

He could see the conflict, the battle, but with an actual physical alpha so close the smell of heat was starting to take over, his hands spreading his own scent on Will, and could feel him more pliant. Not giving in, but not fighting anymore.

“That’s a good omega, come on, lets go get you cleaned up.”

“Can I just go back to sleep, please?”

He hummed but tugged Will towards the gate, his hand wrapped around the cuff chain. He glanced out the gates and couldn’t see anyone and though he knew it wasn’t wise he unlocked the gate. He twisted the cuff chain just enough to have them dig into Will’s wrists, “Behave.”

Will nodded, heat pulling him under, making him more compliant. With another look out he pulled Will out of the cell and dragged him towards the showers. Will stumbled a few times, not full awake, not fully himself, but Matthew just kept pulling him along. He’d get him cleaned up, and back in his cell, and touch him once he was begging for it. Maybe fuck him. It would go like he had planned.

In the small room he locked the door behind them and then eyed Will, taking off the cuffs with some trepidation. There was minimal reaction though and he stripped the jumpsuit off, slipping the cuffs back on once he was naked despite the small whine of protest. Eyeing him again he muttered, “I can’t believe you let some alpha touch you like that Will. After I told you I would be back tonight.”

Will looked at him, bleary blue eyes on him and muttered, “ *My alpha* .”

That hit him like a jolt and he grabbed Will by the arms to pull him closer, scenting again with more purpose so he could learn the scent. Will flinched at the sudden movement but then leaned in towards him, trying to rub against alpha scent. “Who?” His answer was a small whine, a shake of the head and Matthew shook him harder. “It won’t be that hard to figure out Will, it isn’t like you could have come in contact with that many people. You told Chilton?”

“No.”

“Then how...” He set his jaw, frustrated and shoved Will back, locking the cuffs onto the latch by the shower head even though that wasn’t how it was supposed to be used, and flicked the water on without bothering to adjust the temperature. Cold water hit Will, probably even worse with being in heat, and Matthew watched him cry out and try to twist away but the cuffs wouldn’t let him.

“Who, Will?”

There was still only the shake of a head and it was ridiculous that in heat Will was still defying him and he felt his lip curl, pushing down the urge that had more to do with violence than lust and reminded himself that he liked Will. That he wanted Will to like him.

He watched him until the man was as huddled into himself as he could, shivering, and only then reached out to adjust the temperature so the water was warm. The more he thought

about it, the less he blamed Will. If Will's actual alpha had somehow got access to him he couldn't blame him for giving in. That wasn't Will's fault.

With a small comforting sound he grabbed a washcloth and moved close enough to touch, wiping the man down. Getting rid of the other scent on him. He caught a few whimpers from Will but the man didn't protest, didn't fight him, just kept his head ducked down, wet curls plastered over his forehead, and moved as Matthew pushed him.

He didn't hesitate to scrub all of him, ignoring the flinch and the plaintive little whine when he scrubbed between his legs, pushing down the surge of anger when he was certain that the alpha hadn't even just come on him, that he had knotted him, and was a bit rougher than he had to be. Though, that didn't matter. Touching Will, removing the other scent so all he had was Matthew, he could smell heat coming through. When he stroked a hand up the inside of Will's thigh by the time he reached his ass there was slick and he finally let his shoulders relax. "That's a good boy."

He finished cleaning him up and turned the water off, leaving him there for a moment as he tracked down a clean jumpsuit. He took off the cuffs, sure that with the way Will was curled into him now, nuzzling and pressing close, that he didn't have to worry. He dried him off even though Will's hands were free and then pressed the clean clothes into his hands. He saw the man's eyes drift to the discarded jumpsuit sadly and he growled to get his attention back.

It was all it took and Will was dressed, hands cuffed behind his back, being led back to his cell. He pulled him close as they walked until he was against his back, every time he slowed them he ground against him. Gideon was at the bars, watching them, and he gave him a small growl as a warning as he opened the gate and pushed Will inside, following him. He uncuffed him and before Will could think to grab it he snagged the shirt from the other alpha and kicked it out of the cell. None of that.

The comfort Will had in his nest, with his alpha's scent, was gone and he whimpered, body too warm, slick down his thighs. It still wasn't like the night before, then he had been desperate and unsated and Matthew wanted *that* back. He had expected Will to suffer all day and then need him. He grabbed him by the nape of the neck and tugged off the jumpsuit until he was naked, running his hands over Will's body like he belonged to him.

He glanced at the bed but the nest still smelled like another alpha and he didn't want that so he forced Will to the ground on his knees, wrapping one hand in his curls and tugging on them, fingers catching on where they were still wet as he contemplated him and tried to figure out the best way to get the man that needy again. He pulled him closer so Will was pressed in against his thigh, his own cock was hard at the site of the naked man, at his scent, and he watched Will's eyes glance towards where he pressed against his pants and could see him lose himself a little more to heat.

He tugged him a little closer until Will was nuzzled against his hard on, closing his eyes at the feel of warm breath on him through his pants, "You want that Will?"

Finally, *finally*, a needy sound came from Will and he nuzzled closer, pressing into Matthew's hands. He let him go and rumbled out, "Present."

There was a hesitation, Will still fighting it, but before Matthew could force it Will made a small sound and lowered down, knees spreading as he pushed his ass up, chest down to the floor. He crouched down next to him, tracing a hand along his back. "If I knotted you right now and you got pregnant, you wouldn't even know whose pups they were."

That got through to Will's brain and he tried to scramble away, whimpering, "No pups."

Matthew snorted and pulled him back into position, "If that is what you're worried about the ship already sailed on that, your alpha knotted you." He soothed down his back though, purred against him to get him to relax and reached into his pocket to pull the toy out. He wasn't going to fuck him, not while he was bonded. After he killed his mate though, and claimed him for his own, that was a different story. Also, he wasn't dumb, he knew what Will would do if he actually knotted him when he was like this and if he knotted him and someone came through, it wouldn't exactly be easy to explain. "I brought the toy, you want that, don't you?"

Will moaned, pressing back, presenting properly even though his voice still shook. "Please don't." He tried not to take it personally, the fact that Will was reluctant to let someone other than his mate knot him meant he would be loyal. It was a good trait in an omega.

He slid his hand over his ass and then across his entrance, his cock throbbing at how slick he was, and he slid two fingers in. He made a small sound himself, aroused and awed, because Will Graham was utter perfection.

Whatever resistance Will had left disappeared, body aching for *more* now that it had some, and he pressed back against the fingers, mewling appealingly. With a triumphant sound he ran the tip of toy across his hole, teasing, only pushing it in once Will started to frantically whimper, trying to wiggle his hips backwards. He wanted to undo his own pants, touch himself, but one hand handled the toy and the other pet down Will's back, running fingers through his hair, covering him in his scent.

"That's a good boy Will, let me take care of you." He held the toy still and let Will work himself down on it, "You deserve a good mate Will, and one that would let you rot in here, that isn't much of a mate." He couldn't resist his own desire any longer as he and he pushed the toy in past the knot, ignoring Will's distressed whine at the sudden force, he knew he could stretch to accommodate it. It slipped inside Will and locked in, though he gave it a few rough tugs just to make sure, his cock twitching at the small whines from the omega. He reached around to find Will hard and dripping and gave him a few strokes, twisting his hand and pressing hard with the toy until he whimpered, cock twitching and cum sliding over Matthew's hand. "See how much you like it, Will?"

He let go of the toy and moved in front of Will, grabbing his curls and yanking his head up so he was looking at him. His other hand undid his pants, awkwardly pressing them down his thighs with one hand, but then his cock was out. He was close enough to Will that it nearly brushed against his lips and from his hold he could feel Will try to pull back.

He growled and tightened his grip, pulling Will forward. He should have done this before he let the omega cum, before he took the knot, he knew it eased the ache and made Will not so heat crazed. "Come on, be a good omega and open up."

Will tried to shake his head but couldn't because of the grip and Matthew was moving before he decided to, an open palm across Will's face. The sound of it echoed down the hallway and he winced, he hadn't wanted to do that but the omega defying him was shaking his control. Finding out that what should be his omega had been knotted and reeking of another alpha made him want to punish him. He reminded himself that was what he *liked* about Will, that he wasn't mindless or simpering, but right now he wanted the omega to obey. "Your mouth or your ass, you pick Will."

Will's lips parted, and he took that as an answer and invitation to hook a thumb on his bottom teeth and pull his mouth open, sliding his cock between those pink lips. He was already so close it wouldn't take much, he thrust lazy and slow, keeping them shallow so he wouldn't hurt Will. Though as he moved closer he picked up speed, groaning at the feel of his growing knot bumping against Will's mouth. He flashed on what that would be like, knotting his mouth, but shook it off. Maybe someday.

His grip holding Will still he pulled out just as he was about to cum, stroking himself. He wanted to mark Will, cover him in his scent like he had found him in the other alpha's. A small sound of protest came from Will but then Matthew was cumming, biting his own lip to keep from making too much noise.

His cum splattered across Will's cheek and mouth, down his chest, across Will's soft cock. He let go of Will's curls but before he could move Matthew ran fingers over his cum, rubbing it into his skin, pushing Will down and back until he gave and let himself be pushed onto his back. He hummed his approval at the obedience and his hands trailed his cum, rubbing it over Will, his cock twitching at the whine of overstimulation when he stroked it into Will's cock before trailing it down to rub around the outside of the toy. "Such a good boy."

Will made small sounds, distressed, but he ignored it as he gripped the base of the toy and pulled. A panicked squeal made it out of Will and startled he let go, looking down at him before he chuckled, "Oh shit, forgot to let the knot down." He fiddled with the toy until the knot deflated and eased it out, petting Will where ever he could touch to calm him.

He was shaking, caught somewhere between distress and heat, and Matthew forced himself to purr again to calm him. It had an immediate effect, Will's body going lax, calm. He tucked himself away and then pulled the shirt he had brought out of where he had it tucked into his belt. He eased it over Will's head, "There, see. I'll be a good alpha for you Will, I'll protect you."

Though he wanted to kiss him he only leaned forward until he could press an open mouth kiss against Will's scent gland. When he pulled back there were tears on Will's face, the thick scent of distress and he sighed. "We see each other Will, I know you will understand. I won't be here the next two nights, and by time I'm back you should be out of your heat. We will talk more then, I will make you understand." He reached up to wipe away one of the tears, "I know you're just upset about your alpha, but I'll take care of that too."

He waited for Will to get up and into his nest, but Will only curled up into a ball on the floor. He stroked down his flank, unable to help the frown. He didn't want Will upset like this, knew that he had overstepped but he only reached down and nuzzled against his neck, purring for a moment before he sat back. "I will take the best care of you Will. Trust me."

On his feet he moved to the gate, not sure how long he'd been in there, and pulled it open before locking it behind him. He had to get the cameras and mics back on soon, it was too long to leave it. He glanced at Will once and then headed towards Chilton's office.

Once he was gone Will waited a few more moments before he pushed to his feet, pulling off the shirt and hiding it behind the bed before he stumbled towards the sink. He was a little confused, heat making it hard to think, but he mourned the loss of Hannibal's scent. When he'd had nothing else Matthew's had been *good* but it paled in comparison to *his* alpha.

He scrubbed at himself the best he could, trying to get rid of the scent but at the very least trying to get rid of the cum covering him. Once he was as clean as he was going to be he moved back into his nest, and at least it still smelled like Hannibal. He couldn't stop the sniffing as he curled up into a little ball. His heat must be nearly over, he hadn't been able to feel this ashamed or regretful the night before and he tried to bury his face in the blankets.

He startled when a voice came from next to him, "I'd purr for ya, but ya know." Will didn't answer, crying into the blankets and heard Gideon sigh. "How about I just tell you a story, okay? Get settled in all those extra blankets they brought you and try to take deep breaths and just listen." There was a shuffling and then Will settled, trying to breathe deep and easy as he listened to Gideon. The alpha's voice was soothing, calming his ragged nerves from Matthew's treatment, and he fell asleep listening to him talk.

Matthew swung by later to check on Will, pleased to see him peacefully curled up in his nest sleeping. He was disappointed that he would be gone the next two days, but if he kept taking too many extra shifts it was going to look suspicious. Besides, he could smell Will's heat was nearly over, and he was sure the man would need a day or two to recover, to settle back in. He was probably going to be upset but Matthew would handle that, would make him understand why they belonged together.

He got pushed into staying a few hours over in another part of the institute to cover for a coworker that was running late, and didn't manage to get his stuff together and leave until mid morning.

He wasn't paying attention to anyone coming in, though part of him saw the doctor that everyone kept talking about heading towards the entrance. That did pique his interest, he knew the man was friends with Will and was one of the only people Will talked to. So he slowed as they approached so he could get a good look at him.

His scent hit him all at once and he felt his eyes go wide, adrenaline pumping as their eyes met and they stared at each other.

Hannibal's nose flared, alpha red bleeding instantly into his eyes. He recognized the scent from the day before and now he could smell Will all over the man. Will's slick on his skin and the man gave him a satisfied smirk as he moved closer, so close they were almost touching.

They were in too public a place for such an open challenge but Hannibal still growled out, “You know who I am?”

Matthew raised an eyebrow, cocky, *this* was Will’s alpha? He could take this man easily. “Someone about to lose their omega, I’d think. Based on the way he was all over me.” He didn’t wait for an answer before he shouldered past him.

Hannibal took a moment to calm himself before he moved forward, not bothering to look back at the boy. He wanted to see Will, but after that? Then he’d deal with the other alpha.

They had each other’s scent now. It was only a matter of time.

Chapter End Notes

Hannibal is gonna be so mad. He was already mad, now he's gonna be soooo mad.

Set it in Motion

Chapter Notes

A short update while Will sets things in motion.

Chilton seemed surprised to see him but he only gave him his best condescending look. “I just wanted to see for myself that what we talked about has been implemented.”

For a moment Chilton looked like he was going to be indignant, was going to argue, but he only rubbed a hand over his face and nodded. “Of course.” He glanced at his watch with a frown, “I’m sure you can see yourself there.”

He enjoyed how clearly Chilton just wanted to not be around him, enough that he would let him go see Will on his own, and gave him a smile. “Of course.”

He knew he wouldn’t be able to have a one on one with Will today, but he could see him through the bars, could give him something with his scent. Though he had sworn he wouldn’t blame Will for what he did while he was in heat, a part of him was bitter. A part of him wanted to lash out, unable to forget another alpha covered in his mate’s scent.

As he got closer he could hear Gideon’s voice, words soft and even, and he slowed his approach. He could just make out the words here and there, it didn’t sound like they were having a conversation, it sounded more like he was simply talking. The way Gideon said Will’s name though, asked him if he was still listening, made his feet move forward.

Gideon must have already scented him, eyes watching as he came closer and the man stepped back away from the bars, his face closed off and clearly unhappy. Hannibal ignored him as he moved in front of Will’s cell.

He could still smell Will’s heat though it was heading towards the tail end, but the cell reeked of the other alpha, making his lip curl. He glanced around the cell, it looked like they had provided Will with more blankets so he could nest, but it didn’t seem like much else. He did notice what was clearly the other alpha’s shirt shoved as far away from Will as he could, tucked into the corner of the cell. That was unusual. If anything he would expect Will to be wearing it like he had the day before.

“Will?” No response from the figure under the blanket besides a distressed whimper. “Will.” He put more force behind it but it only made the whimper turn into crying. Unease slid through him, something was wrong.

He watched him for a few moments. “Will, if you are upset about allowing that alpha to-” The tears turned into sobs.

“He didn’t *allow* anything.”

Gideon’s words did have an effect on Will as he pushed the blankets off, eyes finding Hannibal. His hair was a mess, eyes red and puffy, and distress came off him in waves. His voice wobbled, “You put me here. This is *your* fault.”

The blanket dropped a little more and he could see Will clearly, the bruise on his cheek, and understanding finally sunk in.

“Come here, Will.” His voice had lost the command, and it was the concern in it that had Will sigh and push himself to his feet. He moved towards the bars but not close enough for Hannibal to touch him even though his omega was screaming at him to curl up against his Alpha. To demand that he protect him.

“Now you care, do you?”

They stared at each other for long moments before Hannibal tilted his head, “I will take care of it.”

“No, you won’t.” He had the joy of seeing Hannibal surprised. He glanced towards the cameras and moved closer to the bars, though the look he gave Hannibal made sure that it was clear not to touch him. He leaned in though, tilting his head down so his words would be too quiet for the microphones. “You won’t do anything.”

“If he forced you-”

“No if about it, Hannibal.” His voice was bitter, “I had been with my alpha, all I wanted to do was sleep.”

“I will kill him for this, mylimasis.”

Will took a moment, he could smell his alpha now and it was difficult to not instinctually relax against him. “You will not do anything, this kill is *mine* .” He chewed on his lip and looked back up, the look in his eyes bringing forth a growl from Hannibal.

And that was what he loved about his omega, that fire. That violence. He shook his head though, “That will take time to arrange, and in the meantime he has access to you. I understand what you want Will, but I will see you safe.”

“When it suits you.”

His answer was a shrug but not a denial and he made a move to step back, sure that they had already looked suspicious enough. He had already planned on killing the other Alpha when he thought he had touched Will with his consent, now he would just do it sooner.

“Don’t do it Hannibal, and before my next heat I’ll register you as my Alpha.”

He moved forward again to the bars, reaching out to slip a hand through them and touch Will’s face, grabbing his jaw to keep the eye contact. “Today.”

“No, as soon as I do I lose my leverage.”

“And if he comes after me?”

“He won’t.”

Hannibal raised an eyebrow, “You are so sure.”

Will swallowed hard and nodded, holding the eye contact. “He won’t, because I’m going to ask him not to. That I want to do it.”

He could see the moment Hannibal’s eyes narrowed, and a thrill went through him at knowing the man wasn’t entirely sure who Will was playing. Fingers tightened on his jaw just enough to hurt, to bruise and then Hannibal dropped his hand. “Very well.”

More on it didn’t need to be said. They knew each other well enough, even before they mated they had been able to move as one, blurred the lines. Hannibal would work on getting him out, and Will would work on it from his side.

Though he tried to fight it, a whine was dragged out of Will’s throat, because his alpha was backing away and he dropped the eye contact, angry with himself for giving in to the urge. “Did you bring me something?”

“Pardon?”

“With your scent. I know you brought me something, just give it to me.”

There was always the balance between them and he could see Hannibal weigh his options, could see the glimmer that wanted to demand Will beg for it, but it softened as he glanced around the cell and he nodded. He reached into his jacket to pull out the shirt, pressing it between the bars. Chances are Chilton would see on the camera and come to confiscate it, but Will would have it in the meantime.

“Thank you.” He had too much pride to put it on while Hannibal stood there, even though he wanted to rub his face against it, roll in it.

“We have a session in 2 days. I will see you then, Will.” He didn’t linger, he had a lot to think about. A lot to do.

Will waited until he couldn’t see him anymore before he stripped down to put the shirt on, curling back under his blankets in his nest, sighing at the safe smell of his mate. His asshole, psychopathic mate.

“Dangerous game you’re playing, Will.”

He huffed out a laugh at Gideon’s comment, curling in smaller. “I know.” Once he was settled he spoke again, “Will you keep talking to me? Like before?”

Gideon looked the way Hannibal had gone, aware that getting in between the two would certainly mean his death, no matter how innocent but nodded. Not that Will could see.

“Sure. Let me tell you about the time...”

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